

The first thing I think of when I wake this morning is my phone conversation with Richard. I lie there in bed with my eyes shut, rehashing the bombshell Richard lobbed at me last night. I can't believe he's dropped out of college! For six months, now! All the time I thought he was studying engineering at U.C. Berkeley, preparing for a well-paying career, he's been screwing around -- doing God knows what!

I drag myself out of bed and into the shower. I slept lousy last night. The sting of cold water on my face shocks me awake. I turn the shower nozzle to hot and let the water just stream down my chest for a good, long time.

Afterwards, shaving myself at the bathroom mirror, I see, more than ever, Richard staring back at me: the same dark brown eyes, the same square jaw with the cleft in it, the same bushy eyebrows. There's nothing of his mother in Richard; sometimes I feel he's more my clone than my natural son. I certainly don't remember, though, giving my old man the kind of grief he gives me!

On the train to work, I notice a young man across the aisle, reading the Times. He can't be much older than Richard, mid-twenties at most. Dressed in a blue pinstriped suit, hair cut stylishly, dapper looking. Probably has a job in the financial district, in one of the law firms, or a multinational bank. Young Man with a Future.

What the hell is Richard going to do without a college degree? -- deliver pizzas!

I watch the man, wondering about him. He's a handsome Young Professional, dark, with good, strong features. Wears his suit well, works out I'm willing to bet, and has a toned body in excellent shape. I visualize him naked, and, for the hell of it, imagine his cock to be huge, his balls hanging low and ripe. I feel my own dick stir. The fantasy takes on a life of its own, and soon I'm plowing his young, corporate ass. The man glances up from his paper. His eyes meet mine. Slate blue eyes, steady eyes, the eyes of a confident man who knows where he's going. I quickly shift my gaze out the window. The tract houses whiz by in the dim morning light.

By the time I walk into the building where I work, I'm thoroughly depressed. I grab a coffee at the lobby canteen on the way to the elevators and eventually make my way to the privacy of my cubicle, avoiding contact with co-workers. No small talk today; my in-basket is full. Two reports, one memo, and a couple of briefings I need to prepare for. Somehow, though, I just sit back and sip my coffee slowly.

There's a picture on my desk of Richard, taken last year when he was on the Berkeley swim team. He's in his Speedos at the edge of a pool, knees bent, arms back, his face a study in concentration. *What a handsome kid*, I think. *My beautiful son*. Richard. For a second, I think I'm going to cry.

All morning I try to concentrate on work, but it's hopeless. I know what I need, the one thing that always lifts my spirits. I count the minutes until lunchtime rolls around. A couple of the guys come by and ask if I want to join them for sushi. I tell them I've got plans. Only when I hit the street does my mood lighten. Pushing through the lunchtime crowd at a quick, don't-fuck-with-me trot, I see up ahead the blinking sign of Frenchy's Video Palace. With relief, I slip into its darkened interior.

A few men are hanging around the magazine racks, leafing through the pictures, but that's not where my interest lies. I buy \$20 worth of tokens at the counter and drop the pile in the pocket of my jacket. Already my dick is stiff, and I'm not even back where the good stuff is.

In the arcade, I stroll through what looks like a good crowd today. Guys line the passageway, leaning against booth doors. Eyes turn to me, checking out the new meat. The place is a dump -- grimy, beat-up, the booths smell of piss and

Lysol -- yet the whole sleazy set-up excites the hell out of me. I'm feeling cocky right now and walk slowly down the aisle, scanning the crowd. There are some real possibilities here: A blond kid, very tough-looking, in jeans and a Giants T-shirt (probably hustling). A bearded bear, husky but not fat, with a chest full of hair sprouting over the top button of his Lands' End flannel shirt. And a tall dude in a Levi's jacket and black chinos, wearing Terminator shades.

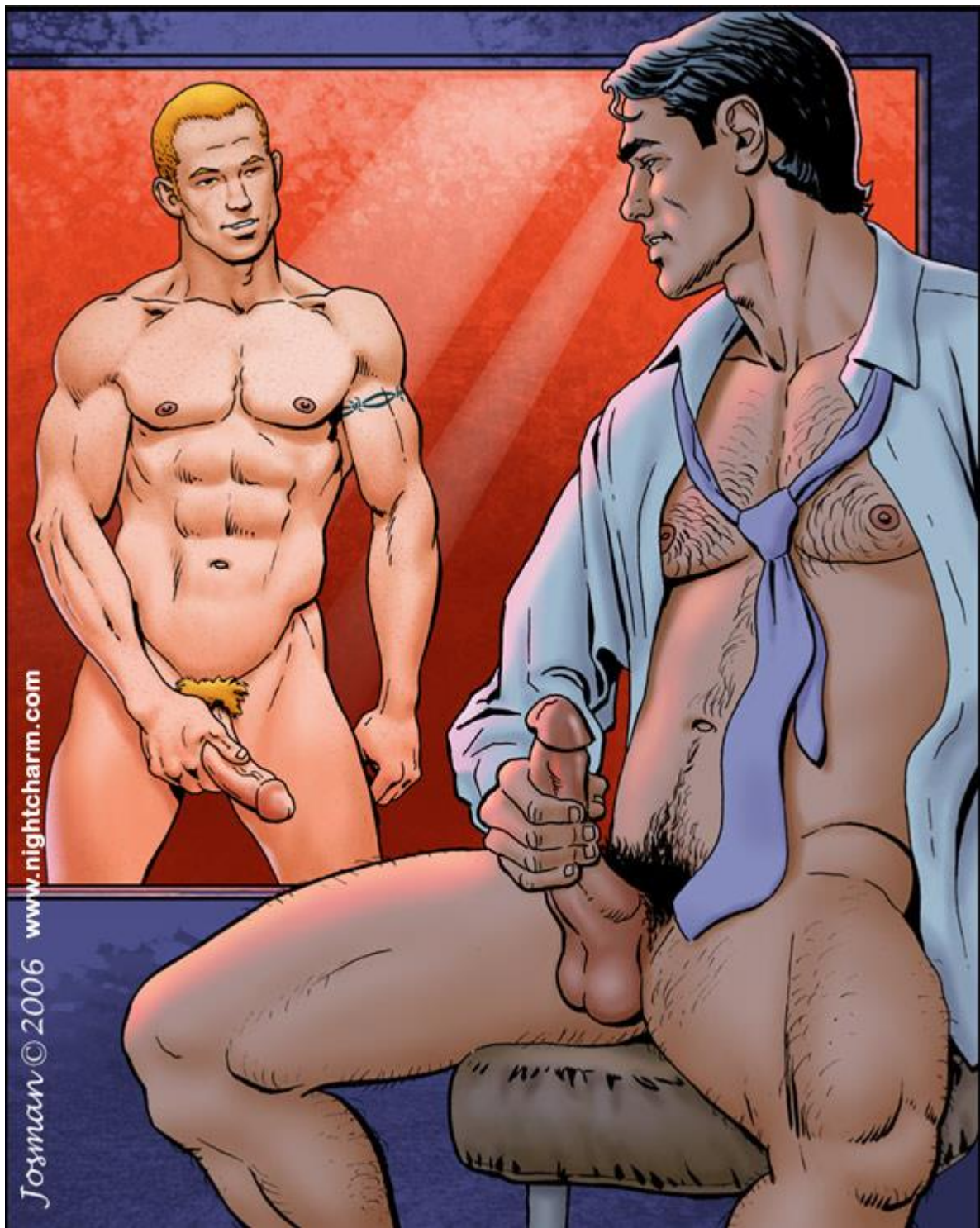
It's not until I turn the corner that I spot The Man. The man I know I want to make it with. He leans against the wall, arms crossed, watching the scene with a cool, unreadable expression. I give him a full-body scan, taking it all in: the short-cropped red hair, the narrowed eyes, the pumped-up biceps (the left one encircled by a barbed wire tattoo).

His tanktop is tight enough to show a lean, muscled torso. His jeans are torn and frayed at the basket, and the shit-kickers he's got on are beat-up and scuffed. *He's fucking beautiful!* My dick gets a throb just looking at him. Our eyes meet, and I hold the glance long enough to let him know I'm interested. He doesn't look away, but his face isn't giving out any clues, either. He's a real urban cowboy, totally self-contained. I raise my eyebrows quizzically, and, after a couple of beats, he returns a nod.

We happen to be back where the buddy booths are. I go into one, heart pounding, drop a few tokens in the slot, and wait. Absently I watch the suck-and-fuck fest on the screen, wondering if the dude's going to follow my lead. A few seconds later, I hear the door open and shut in the next booth.

I let a few more seconds go by, then push the buddy-booth button. The opaque glass wall goes clear, and there's the guy, with his jeans around his ankles, stroking his dick, his balls tight and plump underneath. His face is more relaxed now, more animated, and his wide, strong mouth curves up into a faint smile. Our eyes lock, and we eye-fuck each other as his hand slowly slides up and down his meaty cock.

He lets go of his dick and peels off his tanktop, showing off a body that is tight and smooth. His chest is lightly freckled; his nipples, wide and copper-colored. He lets me watch, wants me to watch, as he squeezes both nipples, swaying his hips, his heavy meat swinging from side to side. I wonder how all that cock might feel full down my throat, how it might taste. The dude turns around to show me an ass that's perfection, smooth, firm. The back of his thighs are sculpted with muscles. I can't even guess how many squats he must do at the weight bar to get mega-thighs like that. He could crack walnuts with those fuckers!



He turns and faces me with an expectant look. It's my turn now to show my stuff. I proceed to do a businessman's strip, pulling off my tie, shedding my jacket, laying it carefully on the seat (God forbid it should fall on the floor of this filthy booth; I'd have to burn it!) I undo my shirt buttons from the top, one by one, then slip off my shirt. His eyes widen with approval. Regular workouts at the company gym have given me a nicely pumped body. My torso, darker and hairier than his, is not as defined, but it's sturdy. Shit, man, I'm a hump and he knows it!

I drop my pants, then slowly ease off my boxers. Liberated, my dick springs up. His eyes are fixed on its hardness. I know his expression very well. *Dick Hunger!* I wrap my cock in my palm and stroke it, first slow, then fast, my balls bouncing hard to the rhythm. The dude joins me, beating his meat, and we stand there for a couple of minutes, fucking our hands, showing what we've got to each other. He comes right up to the window and humps the glass. His thick meat, sliding up and down against the window, leaves a smear of pre-cum on the glass.

It's time to get real. I motion for him to join me in my booth; he nods his assent.

A few seconds later we're right on top of each other in the cramped booth, nice and cozy. I drop the rest of my tokens into the slot; the video should now run indefinitely, and we can explore each other uninterrupted. Turning back to him, I smile. "Hi," I say. He smiles back. "Howdy." His hands run lingeringly across my torso, flicking my nipples with his thumbs. Leaning down, he slides his tongue lightly over them, then nips the right one gently between his teeth.

I'm groaning. "Jesus, that feels good." His grin widens. It's a friendly, boyish smile and goes counter to the "strong silent type" he gives off on the outside. He leans in and kisses me. Our mouths open; his tongue slips in, plunging damn near down my throat! I return the favor as my hands wander across his torso, sliding past his hips into the back pockets of his jeans. I pull his body tight against me. As I dry-hump his jeans with my stiff dick, he reaches down and cups my balls, squeezing them gently. After a moment, he pulls back a bit. Our eyes meet. "What's your name?" he asks. I tell him. He smiles. "I'm Steve."

"Now Steve, you don't mind if I suck your cock for a while?"

"Go for it," he replies, beaming in his All-American-Boy way.

I sit on the booth's seat, my hands on Steve's hips, and pull him close. He's already unzipped, and I glimpse his cock as I tug down the jeans. In the dim flicker of the video screen, I take the meaty hang of it, tracking the one big vein up the shaft to where the piss slit peeks out from the uncut foreskin. I breathe in the musky smell of his balls, a scent I could get drunk on. They hang tight to his body, each nut plump in the sack, filled with sweet jizz.

Pulling the foreskin over his cockhead, I stroke the dick-meat slowly. Warm in my hand with a nice solid heft to it, the cock grows warmer. Steve twitches to make it jump, and I feel I'm holding something with life in it. A squeeze on the thick flesh-tube causes a drop of pre-cum to ooze out onto my hand.

My tongue glides up the length of his dick, twirling around the swollen head. I grab hold of his exposed ass-cheeks and pull him close to me. My tongue makes a return trip, gliding down the shaft until my nose is buried in pubes.

Then I swallow his cock in one swoop, keeping it shoved down my throat for a half minute, my tongue doing the slip-slide around the thickening shaft.

Steve sighs. He pumps his hips while I twist my head from side to side to increase the sensation of lips sliding around dick. Steve groans his appreciation. From my low seat, I look up at the towering body, and just as I do, Steve crams every inch of dick down my throat. Our eyes meet, and Steve flashes me that "aw-shucks" smile of his. *Christ, I think. I'm giving Huckleberry Finn a blow job!*

My mouth is soon pounded with long, slow strokes. With each one, the meat-shaft plunges to its base. My hands slide up the hard, rippled torso until I reach his nipples. I squeeze each one, not gently, and his body shudders. A few more shudders like that and he'll shoot a load down my throat. Suddenly Steve pulls out. I try to gobble down the inflamed dickhead again, but he pulls away. "Wait a sec," he gasps, grinning. I look up. "I like this too much for it to end this soon," he tells me. "Why don't you mess with my balls for a while." That's fine with me. I swallow them both.

"Oh fuck!" he groans. "Look at that hot man suck my nuts." His hand comes reaching down and pulls me up. "I think it's time for me to eat dick."

Who am I to argue with a grown boy? We switch places and Steve settles into the low seat. For a few seconds he just takes my dick in with hungry eyes as it rests against my thigh, half-hard. "Fucking beautiful," he declares, then wraps his palm around it and the stroking begins. My erection quickly hardens to full strength. *Damn that feels good, I think. Having another man beating my dick! It's been too long!*

Steve runs his tongue up and down my balls, bathing them carefully. He nuzzles under my nut sack, tonguing the hairy path to my asshole and back to my balls again. His mouth slides down my dick-shaft, sucking on my meat, running his tongue over it. My hands run through his short red hair and alongside his temples. Guiding his head back and forth, I fuck his face. We settle into a steady rhythm, Steve swallowing my dick, me thrusting full down his throat. Eagerly, he works on me. I watch, enjoying the sight of my dick pump in and out of this handsome young man's mouth, a sight that, by itself, is enough to make me squirt my load.

I feel Steve's hands pry apart my ass cheeks, and it isn't long before a finger is working up my asshole. He finger-fucks me leisurely, squirming the finger deep into my ass. I groan so loudly that I need to bite down on my lower lip to stifle it. Jolts of pleasure sweep through me; my legs begin to tremble. But, no, it's too soon to come. Like Steve, I want to stretch this out. So I close my eyes and count my breaths -- a trick of the old Zen masters that I read

about somewhere. It never fails to keep me from shooting. I open my eyes again and glance at the sex video playing on the screen.

Richard is looking back at me.



My body stiffens. Steve looks up. "Did I use my teeth?" he asks. "No... no," I say distractedly. "You're doing... great. Keep going." Steve shoots me a quizzical look, then shrugs to himself. He is only too happy to go on munching dick. I look back at the video. There's a dick-and-balls closeup at the moment.

My eyes must have played tricks on me, I think. Richard is just too much on my mind. This porn actor, whose face I see now in glimpses, must be some guy who just looks like him. It takes only a few seconds and a big closeup to shatter my calm. That is my son looking back at me. Beautiful Richard is stretched out on a bed, stroking his dick.

Well, at least he's not delivering pizzas! is my first crazy thought and I almost laugh -- more out of shock than anything else. Shock now gives way to fury. *So this is what Richard gave up college for! That damn fool kid! What the hell was he thinking!*

Part of me wants to get the hell out of the booth and figure how I'm going to deal with this. But I stay put as Steve works over my dick and ass. I keep watching the video. I can't tear myself away from it. I have never seen Richard naked before -- I mean, not as a grown man -- and I find it perversely fascinating. His swimmer's build is heavier and more muscular than I remember from last summer; the abs and pecs are sharp in their definition. Obviously, he's been working the hell out of himself in a gym. That would be the basic occupational requirement for his new, shocking line of business.

In a way, it's like watching a video of me, but as a young man. Richard smiles into the camera, and I recognize the smile as my own; I've seen it in the mirror a hundred times. I see myself in Richard's eyes, his coloring, his mouth, his build. Christ, even his dick is mine! The same curve to the left, the same flared head, the same thick, veined shaft. His balls hang low in a lopsided way, the right one lower than the left -- just like mine!

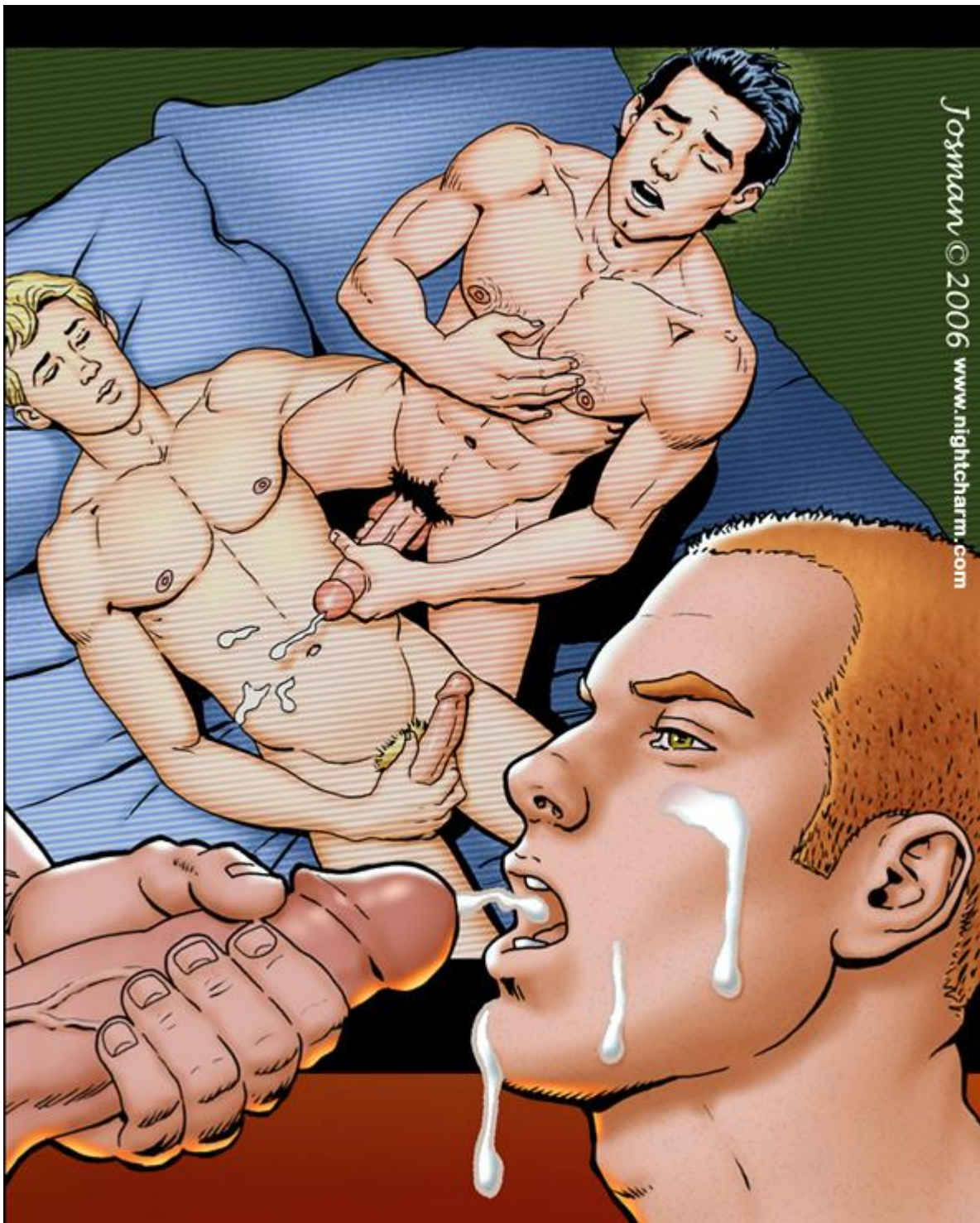
Another man comes into camera range. He is blond, well-built, about Richard's age. And equally naked. They wrestle around on the bed, and it's only moments before he goes down on Richard, sucking my boy's dick with long, wet strokes. I'm watching all this, watching my son get blown on a video, while my own dick is being sucked by Huck Fucking Finn! My brain buzzes with the unreality.

Now Richard is fucking the other guy's ass. They're both stretched out on the bed and Richard wraps his arms around the blonde man's hairless torso, pumping into him, his hips gliding with an easy, building rhythm. Richard's eyes narrow in concentration each time he drives his dick up the other boy's ass. It's an expression I immediately recognize, that I can trace back to his crib. It's the expression he wears in the photo on my desk. Yet he's grinning, too. Yup, my kid's got star quality. Even his dumbstruck old man can see that.

It's now unbearably hot in the booth. My torso is drenched. Perspiration runs into my eyes, and a trickle slides its way into the crack of my ass. Steve's finger massages my prostate, working it so relentlessly that the pleasure is almost too painful to bear. Meanwhile, Richard, on the screen is getting his

dick ridden. He's laid out on his back with his partner astride his torso, facing the camera. All I see of Richard is hairy legs, balls drawn up tight, and the dick-shaft thrusting up and down in the blonde's hole.

Then, a closeup of Richard's face shows him panting heavily, mouth open, eyes glassy and wide. Pulling out of the blond guy's ass, he starts beating off. His body arches, balls bounce furiously about. I pull my dick out of Steve's mouth and match Richard stroke for stroke. Together, we shoot at the same time, my load blasting onto Steve's face just as Richard's wad is splattering across the belly of his partner. I look down. Steve shoots into his hand, the come dripping out between his fingers. I collapse against the wall, panting.



Steve stands and pulls up his pants, his dick hanging out of his fly as he pulls out a handkerchief and wipes his face. "That sure was fun," he says with a big grin. I grunt agreement and try to return his smile. But I can't stop watching the video. I may be just about drained right now, but Richard is hard again and plowing ass like there's hell to pay. Just like me, at his age.

Steve, following my gaze, turns to the video screen. "Hot man," he comments, appraising Richard in a way that just a little while ago he was

appraising his dad. He turns to me, then back to the video, then to me again. A sort of glow comes over his face. "You know, you two could almost be..."

"Naw," I say and absently begin putting on my clothes. My suit has become a rumpled mess and I thank God, the meeting I was supposed to have this afternoon was canceled. I'm feeling dazed and weak. All I want to do is get out of the damn booth. I finish dressing and, with a handshake, I tell Steve "We'll have to this again sometime." He looks a bit taken aback. It's only when I'm out in the front part of the store that I realize how stupid I must have sounded -- as if Steve and I had just taken in a movie! I almost laugh aloud. In a way, we did just that! A movie with -- for me, at least -- a surprise ending.

At the counter, I see Richard's picture on a DVD box, smiling his easy smile to the world at large. Richard always was an adorable charmer. I can see why he would be a natural at this business. I wonder how many DVDs are out there with Richard performing any number of sex acts in any number of living rooms.

My mind is still buzzing when I walk out the door and nearly into the path of a bus. The honking horn makes me jump back in time. I glance at my watch; I've run way over my lunch hour. I move through the crowds as fast as I can, wondering what the hell I'm going to say to Richard the next time I see him.

The End

***About the author:** Bob Vickery is a regular contributor to erotic websites, magazines and anthologies. He has published five collections of stories: Skin Deep, Cock Tales, Cocksure, Play Buddies, and most recently, Manjack, an audiobook of his hottest sex tales (Quarter Moon Press). Bob lives in San Francisco, and can most often be found in his neighborhood Haight Ashbury cafe, pounding out smut on his laptop.*